

CHILDREN'S BOOK
COLLECTION

LIBRARY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES

WINNEY KNEY









THE LITTLE GIRL'S HOUSEKEEPING;

And other Stories.

MRS. MITFORD.



LONDON:
DARTON AND CO., HOLBORN HILL.



THE LITTLE GIRL'S HOUSEKEEPING.

By Mrs. MITFORD.

DARTON AND Co.



THE LITTLE GIRL'S HOUSEKEEPING.

"EMILY," said Sarah, to her sister, one fine morning, when the two girls had been sent out in the fields, to play for an hour, "What shall we do next to amuse ourselves? I am quite tired of watching for the rabbits as they run across the path, or peep, with their quick timid glance, from under the low-growing leaves and flowers. Suppose we go and look for some of those oddly formed things, which mamma savs are the seed-vessels of the mallow: but I call them choeses. Oh. I

declare, there are some of them in that corner, See, Emmy, are they



not pretty little things, and just like real cheeses?"

"Very pretty, indeed, dear. What makes you sigh though, and look so vexed? Are there not plenty? You shall have my share."

"Oh, Emily, I am thinking how pleasant it would be, not to be playing with baby-cheeses like these but to be a woman, and keep house, and have all sorts of delicious things to take care of."

"Delightful, indeed. Sarah. Oh, what beautiful dinners I would order if mamma left the care of the house to me"

"Why, what puddings would you have, Emmy? For my part I could live on pancakes, I think"

"Plum-pudding, for me, Sarah; but we must make haste in doors We have been out too long."

"My dears," exclaimed their mother, when she saw them enter the house, "how late you are. You have quite over-heated yourselves with playing and running about. But what has happened?" added she, observing their discontented faces, "to make you look so cross? I hope you have not been quarrelling"

"Oh, no, mamma!" cried Sarah; and she told her mother a part of what they had been saying in the field to each other.

Sarah was an artful girl. She was afraid of being reproved for her greediness; so she was very careful to speak only of what she believed would not displease her mother.

Mrs. Fanshawe smiled, as she said to her daughters, "Well, my dears, as you have a desire to turn housekeepers, I am happy to say that it will soon be in my power to gratify your wish—at least in part."

The girls looked at one another

in surprise.

"Yes," resumed she, "it is tre. I am suddenly called from home to help your grandmother in attending to some business. While I am away I am quite willing that you should begin to take some of my duties; and I need only just remind you, that every woman who guides the household, should only consider herself placed in that important post for the family good; and that she sadly forgets her duty if she uses the power given into her hands for this purpose merely to gratify her own selfish tastes."

Observing her daughters look somewhat ashamed, Mrs. Fanshawe continued—"Having given you this hint, I must tell you what I expect you to do in my absence I hope

to return in a fortnight. You, Emily, as the eldest, will, during the first week, take charge of the tea and coffee, serving them out every morning and evening to the family. The cook will have orders what meat and vegetables she is to prepare daily for dinner; but the ordering of the second course I leave to you; restricting you, however, to only one dish of the kind. Sarah will, of course, take your place during the second week of my absence."

The girls soon forgot their shame in the new and delightful prospect opened before them

"How very curious," cried Emily the first time they were alone to gether. "We seem to have just exactly what we were wishing for given us at once."

In a few days Mrs. Fanshawe set off in the gig, after a very early breakfast, to meet the coach, which was to take her to her mother's house.

Emily, who had enjoyed the privilege of presiding at this meal,



found herself a person of so much consequence, and had her mind

so full of the glory of housekeeping, that she scarcely felt any sorrow at taking leave of her mother; and Sarah's mind was very nearly full of the same thoughts.

The gig had hardly driven out of sight, and the breakfast things were still upon the table, when Miss Emily entered the kitchen to give her orders to the servant.

"Bessie," enquired Emily of the cook, "can you make us a plumpudding for dinner to-day?"

"Oh yes, Miss, certainly. Will you have it served up plain or with sauce?"

"Oh, with the nicest wine sauce you can make, Bessie."

When Emily ordered the same kind of pudding on the following day, the servant ventured to say, "If you please, Miss, the raisins are almost finished. We have but a very few left in the house."

"Well, Bessie, you can send to town for some more."

"My mistress," replied the cook, "has left me strict orders to buy no more groceries before the end of the week; and I must obey her."

"Ah, pray Bessie, try how far you can make what you have in the house go, and make us one pudding more to-day"

"Well, my dear, I will see what I can do."

Bessy managed to make so very very nice a pudding, however, that Emily felt as though she could have eaten twice the quantity her father gave her.

She recollected that a large piece of the pudding had been sent away from the dinner table; and thought within herself, 'I should like to peep into the pantry, and see whether I could not cut off a very little piece of the cold pudding with my penknife. I could be there and back without any one knowing of it.

So this naughty child crept slyly and quietly along, reaching the pantry without meeting any one, and began to help herself, at first with small pieces; but gaining courage, she kept on eating until only a very little was left. Then she be came rather frightened, and hurried

back to the parlour; but as no one seemed to think of any thing relating to the subject of her fears, she went to bed quietly; and would soon have forgotten all about the matter, had she not been seized with so violent a sickness, that she became quite frightened. However, she dared not speak, or call for assistance, lest her late theft should be found out; so she lay still, in much suffering, until morning. She was still so poorly, that she begged to have a little tea sent up stairs for her breakfast, as she found herself too sick to come down.

While waiting for the maid to bring it, Emily was surprised to hear sounds of loud crying and entreaties from the parlour below. On enquiring the cause of this noise, she was told that Mr. Fanshawe was



going to beat little Charley, for having been so naughty as to take some cold pudding out of the pantry, and then denying the theft. Emily was so shocked at hearing this, that poorly as she was, she jumped out of bed; and, throwing on a few clothes, ran down to the parlour, where she found her father standing over her little brother, with a cane in his hand.

"I am going to beat you, Charles, not so much for taking what you did, as for persisting in denying it. And I mean to keep you in disgrace until you confess your fault."

"Oh, dear father "cried Emily," do not punish him for my wicked ness. It was I who cook it yesterday afternoon. I have hurried down to tell you. Give the any punishment you think profer, but do not strike poor little Charley!"

"Emily," said he ther, gravely,

16 LITTLE GIRL'S HOUSEKEEPING.

"although you could not see your brother punished for your fault, you have done what is very wrong and sinful, as I dare say you well know However, judging by your pare face, your folly has brought its own punishment; and the very unpleasant thought of medicine, which I must send you shortly, will, I hope, still further show you, how often our ill deeds are punished in the very way most disagreeable to us"



FRANK

AND HIS

CHRISTMAS GIFT;

OR, THE

TRUE WORTH OF A SOVEREIGN.

By Mrs. MITFORD.

DARTON AND Co



FRANK AND

HIS CHRISTMAS GIFT;

OB

THE TRUE WORTH OF A SOVEREIGN.

THE Christmas-week was just over, and little Frank had returned from a visit he had been paying at a relation's house, with two of his young cousins. Although the boys had been highly enjoying themselves at Mr. Benson's, yet Frank was glad to come home again. It seemed so long since he had seen his parents, or played with his little sister.

'Well, my dear," said his father,

I need not ask if you have been happy with kind cousin Benson; but I should like to know a little more of what you did to amuse yourselves."

"Oh, I can hardly tell all we played at, papa, we seemed so busy all day; and in the evening Mr. Benson let us read such pretty stories; and sometimes he told some to us himself. And what do you think? He has given Charles, John, and myself a sovereign each, to do exactly what we please with. There is mine; pray, papa, take care of it for me. I am too young to keep so much money myself."

"You are so prudent, my dear, at first, that I doubt not, with a little advice, your money will be laid out well. But what are your cousins going to do with theirs?"



"I do n't quite know, papa; but I think they were vexed with me, because I said I meant to give my sovereign to you to keep. I rather believe that John is going to spend his at the fair, in toys and sweetmeats; and that Charley is going to do something with his money that he does not wish his parents to know."

"In that case, I do n't think Mr.

Benson's kind gift will confer any real pleasure on your cousin Charley; but time will show. Is there any thing particular for which you have any desire, or any useful or amusing book you would like to read?

"Thank you, papa; I should very much like a Robinson Crusoe of my own. And, oh! now I remember, I want some paper and string for a large new kite, and some smart pictures to place on it."

"And," said little Frank, in a whisper, "what I wish for more than all, is to give some of my sovereign to poor dame Jones, who can hardly get clothes for her four little children. How much may I give her, papa?"

"You are a kind, good, little fellow, to think thus of the poor. At the same time, it is quite right and proper for you to buy yourself the book, and the kite you wish for: Plenty of money will be left to assist Mrs. Jones; and I will think how we had best lay it out for her."

Frank was seated at his writing lesson the next morning, when his father came into the room.

"Will you spare Frank," said he to the master, "to take a walk with me into the town?"

Leave being granted, Frank joyfully put on his warm clothing and, after a short but pleasant walk, they reached the stationer's shop; where everything was so

cheap, that the little boy was able to buy a very amusing small volume of travels, besides his intended bargains. When these were completed, his father said, "I have been thinking, that one way in which we can help the little Joneses very greatly, is to buy for the younger ones some cheap spelling-books. Besides this, I think your mamma means to buy some strong coarse cloth with the rest of your present; and to make it up, with little Mary's help, into frocks and pinafores, which you shall have the pleasure of taking yourself to the cottage."

Frank liked this scheme very much; and thanked his father for being so kind as to give him the

help of his advice.

When the little dresses were finished, and taken, with the books, to dame Jones, the delight that this welcome gift caused to her, and to her poor little children, may be well imagined.

"We nave long been wishing to get the little ones taught," said the poor woman; "but the poor children's clothes are so very old, that I could not send them to the Sunday school. So you, my dear, kind young gentleman, have supplied us with what we had been sorely in need of."

But what were John and Charley doing all this time?

Soon after John came home from Mr. Benson's, the fair took place in the village where his parents lived This village was about a mile from the house of Frank's father; and John had begged his cousin to get leave to attend this fair But, as we have already seen, this wise boy had made up his mind to a plan that would leave him nothing to spend in so foolish a way, as John intended to do.

John, however, easily gained his mother's consent to spend the morn ing as he liked; and of course, puppet shows, and stalls of gingerbread and sweetmeats soon emptied his purse. However, he could not manage to eat all that he bought; and he carried home a large bag full of nice things, which he hid in his box.

For several days he stole up

stairs, unknown to any one in the house, and eat as much as he could take; till one morning, as he was leaving his treasures, he felt so very ill, that he was obliged to tell the maid of the dreadful pain he was in.



She was sitting very quietly at her work; and when John came up crying, and said to her, "Norton, I am so poorly to-day! Can you tell me what is the matter?"

She said, rather crossly, "I wish,

Master John, you would waittill your mamma comes home. I am very busy now, so go away. Perhaps, if you lie down, your pain will go away too."

The poor little boy did as he was told; but, instead of getting better, his pain grew so very bad, that he could not rest. So he ran to Norton again; who, this time, being frightened at seeing his pale face, gave him some very bitter medicine to drink. He grew easier; but when his mamma came home, she sent for a doctor, who asked, almost as soon as he saw John, what he had been eating?

After a few days Johnny's illness left him, but not till he had swallowed a great deal more medicine than the pleasure of eating the sweetmeats would have been worth, had it lasted twice as long.

As for Charles, who lived a great way from either of his cousins, he had long been plotting with his naughty companions, that the whole party of them should play truant the first time they had an opportunity. And soon after the scholars had all met from the Christmas holidays, these bad boys, making some false excuse to their master. spent their whole day in playing upon the ice. Charley had bought a little chaise on purpose. He took off its wheels, and called it a sledge. This would have been a pleasant and an innocent amusement had it been pursued with his parents' leave. But it is always dangerous, as well as wrong, to deceive.

The ice was not very thick in the middle of the pond; and as Charles and his play-fellows, who knew nothing of this, were drawing their sledge over this part, they heard a loud crack, and one of the boys fell into the pond. The others ran, as fast as they could, towards some workmen near; and, with their help, the little boy was lifted out; and the men kindly wanted to carry him home.

The boys dared not agree to this, for fear of being found out; and, after giving all they had about them to their helpers, and begging them not to say a word of what had happened, they hastened home as well as they could.

But the story came out, a day or

two after; and when the schoolmaster saw Charles enter the door,



he called him up to the desk, and caned him soundly. After which, the whole party of idlers and de-

16 FRANK'S CHRISTMAS GIFT.

ceivers were obliged to stand before the whole school, to receive the public disgrace they merited.

Some months after, little Frank, while walking with his mother, sat down among the grass and flowers,



and said, "Dear mamma, how happy I am that the little children in that house have learned to read so well. I shall always thank you, for having taught me the true worth of a sove reign!"

SUNDAY TALK

ox

NATURAL HISTORY.

By Mrs. MITFORI

LONDON.
DARTON AND Co.,



SUNDAY TALK

OX

NATURAL HISTORY.

AMBROSE was looking one evening at an emmet's nest. "How wonder-



ful" thought he, "it is to think of the sense and patience of these little creatures, and one would really

think they could reason and talk together; they seem not only so clever, but so well agreed among themselves. I have neglected studying the manners and ways of animals, for I had no idea they were half so interesting. Well, I will ask my master to lend me one of his nice books on natural history, full of pictures of almost every living thing you can name, or think of. We cannot, I suppose, do much today, as it is Sunday, but at all events I will ask Mr. Wisely, he is always ready to answer all the questions we ask him."

The bell rung that moment, and Ambrose ran into the house, to be in time for dinner. After dinner he was walking in the garden again. when he saw Mr Wisely in another path, with a few of his schoolfellows, who seemed busy talking to their kind master.

"Well, Ambrose, "said Mr. Wisely as he came nearer, "what have you got there to amuse yourself with? how earnestly you are looking into that little heap of earth."

"Oh! Sir, it is an ant's nest, and I was going to ask you to tell me something more of the habits of these curious little insects, as well as of other animals; but as to-day is Sunday, I suppose we must wait until to-morrow to hear any-thing you may be so good as to tell us."

"I do not know that" replied his master, smiling, "for we may gather a great deal of useful knowledge respecting these matters, from the Bible itself."

"From the Bible, sir!" cried little Edward, "I do not remember what part of the Bible speaks of animals."



"You have then forgotten, Edward, that chapter in Genesis, which speaks of the way in which they were first made, and of that in which Adam is described as giving them names."

"There is another notice of the serpent, sir, near that place," said



Ambrose, "and I have heard it said that most likely this reptile, before the time when our first parents were driven from Eden, did not creep along as it does now. I wonder whether this idea is true."

"We cannot, I think, be quite certain," replied Mr. Wisely, smiling, "nor do I see any use in raising such questions. Certainly the habits of the serpent tribe are very curious. I think the way in which some of the natives of India contrive to tame them, is almost as wonderful as anything else respecting them. Have any of you seen these men show their tricks in this country?"

Edward, whose parents lived in India, answered quickly—" Not here, sir, but I have heard papa say how cleverly some of the natives at Bombay show their tricks. Amongst many other things, he saw some large serpents or snakes that seemed

as docile and tame, and minded what their master said, as well as the busy canary birds that every one was flocking to see."

"Ah!" said a little fellow who had not spoken before, "how I should enjoy seeing that, I am so

very fond of birds."

"Then you see, mention is made of your favourites in many parts of scripture, Philip," remarked Mr. Wiseley, "David speaks in the Psalms, of the pelican of the wilderness, and of the sparrow on the house top. And you cannot have forgotten that beautiful part of the new testament, where our Lord, when he forbids his followers to indulge in anxious care for the future, reminds them how the very sparrows are

watched over, by our kind Heavenly Father. Peacocks, we find, were brought from the East by Solomon, to adorn his palace. Nor must we forget the Ravens, who were sent by



God to bring Elijah his meal, evening and morning."

"I hope I shall remember that wonderful history when I go home and see my sister Charlotte playing with her tame raven, said little Philip, "he is such a good, fond, bird, sir. He knows us all, and he is glad to see me at home again, in the holidays, just as if he knew that an old friend was returned to him. I wanted to bring him here when I came to school, but the others did not like to part with poor Ralph, so I was forced to leave him.

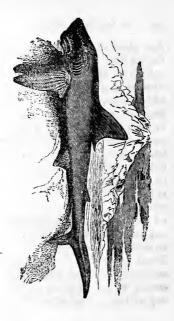
"Oh! how I wish you had brought him here;" cried Edward, "do, Mr. Wisely, be so kind, as to let Philip bring the raven to school next half-year."

"I do not know where we could put him, my dear, because the noise he makes, would disturb your lessons. Besides, did not you hear that Philip's little brothers and sisters wish to keep the bird; surely you do not wish to deprive these dear little children of their pet."

"We have spoken of birds and of snakes," said Ambrose, "how much the Bible says about different beasts, such as the lion, the horse, and the wild ass. It also mentions the little rabbits, for my elder brother tells me that the coney spoken of in the Psalms, is the same as a rabbit."

"Very much so," said Mr. Wisely,
now can any of you tell me of any
part of scripture that speaks of
fishes?"

"Oh! there was the great fish tnat swallowed Jonah. How terrified he must have been when he found himself in that frightful,



dark place, all alone, I wonder he did not faint, or die outright."

"He did what was far better, and what all of us ought to do when we find ourselves in sorrow or in danger, he prayed, and we may well imagine in what earnestness such a prayer was put up. It is quite possible that some of us may be in quite as much danger as Jonah was, indeed. in much more, without knowing it as he did. Dangers are around us when we rise in the morning, when we lie down at night, when we go out, and when we come in earnestly then, and how watchfully, should we beg of Him, whose tender mercies are over all his works, to protect us and guide us, in every step we take Can either of you

tell me any part of the New Testament which speaks of fishes;

"Oh! there are so many. There is that chapter where our Lord tells Peter that he will find a piece of money in the mouth of a fish. Then there is the very great number of fishes that were caught all at once, when all the long night before, nothing had been taken And then the few little fishes, that, at at the command of Jesus, with a very small portion of bread, fed so many thousands. Oh, I could not tell all the beautiful accounts in the Bible, of animals, birds, fishes, and insects, in a week!"

"You see, my dear children," said their master, "how full the Bible is of instruction and of wisdom on every subject that may occur to us. Prize, then, above all the many books which deserve and claim your esteem, this divine book—Make it your guide in every doubt, and at every movement of your life, and above all, pray that it may be a guide to your feet and a lamp unto your path"









